

The Mourner:

3

A

POEM,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE PUBLIC SENTIMENT

EXCITED BY

THE DEATH

OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

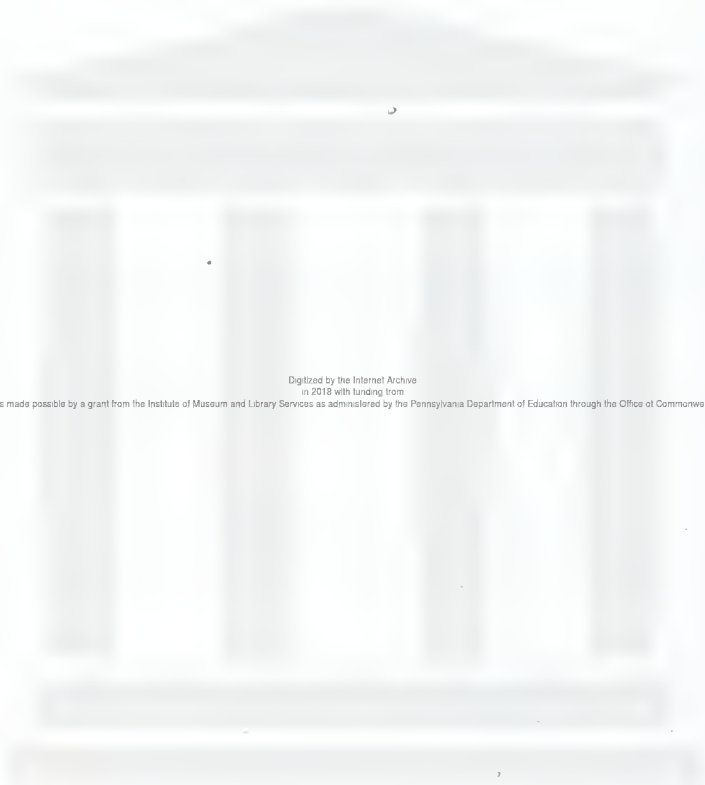
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

Originally presented to PRINCE LEOPOLD.

—◆—◆—◆—
BY W. G. HORNER.
—◆—◆—◆—

..... O'er thy urn
A Mourner, such as never Sculpture's power
Could mimic, desolate at heart, shall bend,
And weep for ever!

PRINTED BY WOOD AND CO. UNION-STREET, BATH ;
AND SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATER-
NOSTER-RROW, LONDON,
AND BY ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.
1818.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

TO

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

LEOPOLD GEORGE FREDERIC,
PRINCE OF SAXE COBOURG,

&c. &c. &c.

THE OBJECT

OF A SYMPATHIZING NATION'S ESTEEM,

THE HEIR

OF A DEVOTED PEOPLE'S AFFECTION,

The following Poem

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Bath, December, 1817

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHORTLY after the calamitous event, which excited so universal a feeling of consternation and grief, the following Poem, through the kindness of Mr. Butterworth, late M.P. for Coventry, was presented to the Illustrious Widower, by whom it was graciously received.

The Author would have accounted it sacrilege to suffer any pedantic notions of superior correctness to dilute away the deep tinge of sorrow, which naturally predominated in an effusion written under such circumstances. But, at the same time, he was ambitious to make his first appearance before the public, invested with some requisites for permanency of regard, which were incompatible with the desolate negligence of a recent mourner; and he resolved to defer publication till the first of the periodical recurrences of leisure, allowed by his situation in life, should give him the opportunity of retouching a few passages, and bringing the whole somewhat nearer to his idea of a National Poem.

In adopting such a resolution, he thinks he has evinced, not only a proper deference to public taste, but a just appreciation of public feeling. The overwhelming sensations of that period were such as every man and woman in the British empire will never remember but with a mournful complacency; and the developement of our future history will not fail frequently to revive that recollection, even if, through the proverbial frailty or felicity of human nature, the tear be for a season evaporated. The occurrence itself is, moreover, distinguished by a perfection of tragic circumstance, which must for ever secure to it a profound interest.

In these views the author has the misfortune to disagree with some persons of experience, who, without having read his piece, have favoured him with their opinion of its fate. He replies to their bodings by telling them—in rhyme, as being too trivial for prose—the story of a little incident connected with his pilgrimage to Claremont:

SONNET.

WITHIN the hallowed precincts of the place
Of CHARLOTTE's choice, upon a green knoll stands
Her mausoleum. Wyatt's dedal hands
The structure raised; but SHE, whose eye would chase
Each coy disguise, and seize the blushing Grace,
Had loved the solemn spot. Mid gayer bands
That guard the mount, a cypress-king commands
A shadowy silent realm, o'er which you trace
Fragments, at intervals, of this calm lake,
Those hills that melt to heaven. It was here
I cropped a laurel-sprig, which late and sere
In vain I planted. If the Muse must take
The presage, and for CHARLOTTE's fate no eye
Hath now a tear, with HER well may these records die!

July, 1818.

The Argument.

Character of the Sentiment which prevailed during the Days immediately succeeding the deplored Event—Previous Security—Traits, which develope the Public Character of Her Royal Highness—Anticipations of her Reign—fatally disappointed—Traits of Private Character—Death—The Tidings disseminated—The Funeral—Incidental Reflections—CONCLUSION.

The Mourner.

OH, desolating stroke! even yet my soul
Reels with uncertain thought. My heart is full,
Too full, but finds no utterance; such a throng
Of indistinct, unformed, unmarshalled things
Press to its avenues, that shrink and close
At their chill contact; visionary shades
Of distant unrealities—the wreck
Of dear anticipation—the sad void
Where the eye rested on Elysium—kings
And people, dim in darkness—shudderings
For England, for my babes, for him, for him
On whom her last look lingered! Drearily,
And all confused, as whispers echoing round
A charnel-vault, one dismal sentiment
Goes, and returns in freshness, and involves

All memory and all future. Life at last
Seems what it is,—a tale, a dream.

No more—

I'll think of it no more!—Yet every tongue
Repeats the tidings, every countenance
Reflects the appalling truth, the weeping page
Of fame records it, and reiterates
With punctual circumstance; and—strange caprice!
Howe'er I dread the message, every tongue
Is welcome to mine ear, and every line
That sable verge environs to mine eye
Is precious as an Indian friend's dispatch.
Read and re-read, it satiates not. No tale
By Fancy dictated, attractive more
For mimicry of truth, than this for truth
Incredible.

It cannot, must not be!

Yet, yet, unsay it. Would ye turn to sand,
To vapor, to inanity, the firm
Substratum of the green and flowery sod
On which your infants gambol? For, as fixed
As the primeval granites that, deep—deep—

Undoubted though unseen, this beauteous breadth
 Of woods and verdant vales and bustling towns
 And smiling villages sustain, the thought
 Of CHARLOTTE was beneath each tranquil scheme
 Of each parental breast. And did we build
 Upon a basis treacherous as the caves
 Of vext Calabria?

Oh! we measured not
 The dire prerogative of Fate, nor deem'd
 That to a life, hid in so many lives,
 The common visitations of our kind
 Could find access. Young as she was, and flushed
 With health, and happy in connubial love,
 And in our secret prayers immortalized,
 We deemed a long entail of bliss secure
 To us and to our children. As our own
 We scanned her treasured virtues, proud to guess
 At their untold amount. Not often seen—
 For she was all that woman should be, chaste,
 Uncourting of the public gaze, attired
 In simple grace by the Domestic Loves—
 We joyed that every glimpse disclosed a mind
 To Britain true as the eternal rocks

Which Ceres and our guardian waves conceal.
 Ardent as Britain's heroes, who adored
 Her noble fire congenial, yet as sage
 As Britain's judges, her young hand maintained
 Nature's just scale unwavering, when the din
 Of that lamented discord—oh! how much
 Lamented now!—racked with opposing claims
 Her duteous sympathies. To the high theme
 Of Britain's rights and glories she had formed
 Her Prince's elocution, to her ear
 Most tuneful, when some casual spark, that glanced
 From legislative or historic page,
 Kindled his admiration of the strength
 Of patriot sovereigns, what vuleanian bolts
 Rivet her future throne, what happier stars
 Than yet o'er earth have trailed benignant fires
 Smile in the dim aphelion, whence they move
 Towards CHARLOTTE's reign.

Oh! to that reign, away
 From war's exhausting fever and the chill
 Of peace unquiet and infirm, were turned
 Her people's wishes, as to youth's renewed
 And bounding vigor. So to some green isle,

Vext with the tossing of Pacific waves
 The sickly crew look forth, and hope itself
 Is medicine for their pains. For all the fire
 Of great Eliza's vivid virtue glowed
 In CHARLOTTE's bosom, from offensive fumes
 Of pride despotic defecate, and veiled
 With grace more blandly feminine; as through
 Some pearly vase the central splendors break
 Mildly diffusive. And the genial worth
 Of Anna, gentle, for affection formed
 And conjugal endearment, made her heart
 The softest nest of Love; but by that nest
 An eagle sate, from whose rebukeful glance
 The clamorous brood of party would have cowered
 And shrunk abashed away, nor once dared hope
 That in the Woman she could merge the Queen.

From that high-cultured mind, that vernal bloom
 Of private virtue that so copious decked
 The daughter, consort, mistress, Fancy oft—
 Fond calculator—sprung, to tell how rich
 The fruitage, how refreshing, when the queen—
 Tree of a nation's life—should spread her arms
 Of sheltering power luxuriant, waving wide

As British subject roams, and towering high
 As deep within ten thousand thousand hearts
 The roots insinuate of Nature's best,
 Most sure, most sacred instincts.

O, how strong

Is Policy, when smiles of Heaven above
 Rest on its head, and the fine human Sense
 Of Rectitude through all its foliage breathes,
 Without one wintry interval, the gale
 Of bland complacency! The lowliest swain
 Then feels the patriot compact. Harmony,
 Such harmony as guides the spheres of heaven—
 Howe'er remote, attracted, and with ease
 Winding their duteous way—throughout pervades
 The social system, from the statesman, now
 Tracing in light his plan disintegrate,
 Down to the wretch, who late the prison deemed
 A refuge, and Austrasian banishment
 No exile, but whose honest indigence
 Now dreads a blot, and hopes, with beating heart,
 His fellow-kind's approval. Justice wields
 A pointless civic sword, and the keen eye
 Of Mars, at home secure, its lion-glare

Bends full on foreign stirrings. But, around,
 All rancors sleep; no hope, no wish, to dare
 That solid energy, nor interrupt
 Those leagues, whose every link, by virtue knit,
 Is blessing to the world.

Ah! whither roams

Imagination? Through Utopian realms,
 Scenes such as Earth ne'er saw, as Earth 'till now
 Never with reason hoped! But there's a point
 In Time's career, a point determinate
 To eyes celestial, but which Earth, too low,
 Not with precision seizes;—every seer,
 From his high orb, with look elate, and hand
 Outstretched, assigns it, and announces: "There
 Bursts a new era! thence, the nations walk
 In holier light, by better maxims swayed
 To better aims!" And, sure, that holier light
 Scatters even now the roses of its dawn
 Upon a blushing world, that starts ashamed
 Of its long lethargy. See! swarthy limbs
 Leap from their fetters—and young Indigence
 Unlearns the ways of crime—and sabbaths send
 More "perfect praise" to Heaven—and the Great Book

Speaks in Earth's every tongue—and messengers
 Swift as the winds, and ardent as the fires
 Of Heaven's own altar, that have touched their lips,
 Fly after it—and Intellect and Arts
 Attend Devotion's march—

Yet, King revered !

And more to be beloved as Time shall wing
 His onward course, disclosing gradually
 In beauteous evolution the detail
 Of every generous plan beneficent,
 That from thy fostering piety conceived
 Its vitalizing fervor ; Darkness yet
 Is jealous for his old domain, and pours
 His shadowy hosts, voluminous and dense,
 Toward each invaded point ; and, if a day
 Shall end the struggle, or a thousand years
 Be lost in vacillation, much depends
 On those who from the heights of sovereign power
 Control the legions. Oh ! were all like Thee,
 Or like that softer semblance of Thee—HER,
 Into whose opening mind thou hadst transfused
 Thy better qualities ! The hand supreme
 Will extricate its purposes, but pure

Must be the instrument, with which it shares
Its own select prerogative.

ON HER

Our hopes reposed, for SHE was innocent
As young Ithuriel, and as Abdiel firm
To assert the innocent cause, and in HER shone
So blended every royal attribute,
That Confidence and Love had drawn all eyes,
And centred them on HER !

—And still, to HER

They will, will turn—gaze on the form they loved,
And look it into life—and doubt again,
And melt—incredulous, yet hopeless, turn
To water with vain dews her bier. Sweet rose,
Torn rudely from the stalk, all blooming still !
—And still, in England's love and memory,
To bloom unfading.—CHARLOTTE! o'er thy urn
A mourner, such as never Sculpture's power
Could mimic, desolate at heart, shall bend
And weep for ever! Distant times shall feed
The fresh despair, and late historians blot
The record with their gushing tears — —
— — — — — — — — — —

Why, shades of Claremont, could not ye detain
 Your angel-visitant ? Her gentle rule
 If we, alas ! deserved not ; if she glanced
 Regardless o'er the gaudy pride of courts—
 Illusive at the best, and scorned the arts
 Of policy, prone ever through dark ways
 Of indirection to pursue its end
 Though pure ; yet from your innocent retreat
 She swayed no vulgar empire. O ! prolong
 That Moral Reign, which still to virtue led
 Our charmed affections, as the ocean-waves,
 Slow to obey the sun, roll cheerfully
 Their congregated mass to farthest shores
 At Cynthia's beck.

The simple cottager,
 Winding beneath the thickets of the dell
 His upward way, may journey unobserved,
 Save by his God—though scarcely can the breeze
 Of dewy twilight miss, or not betray,
 The violet's lowly nest—but they, whom Heaven
 Made for the world, not even in solitude
 Can find seclusion. Sooner Philomel,
 From yonder upland copse, shall pour unheard

Her thrilling hymn of rapture, than the lore
 That Virtue warbles from the privacy
 Of pious exaltation, fail to catch
 The vigilant ear of Rumor, fail to win
 The homage of mankind.

A holy charm,
 Thrice-honored shades of Claremont! evermore
 Shall breathe around ye. Sacred are your halls,
 Sacred your closets, sacred every grove
 And every walk, sacred each low-roofed cot
 That skirts ye round. To you, from age to age,
 The pilgrim shall resort, and as he breathes
 The consecrated air, feel a new life
 Exalt his powers. For here—(Expedience! blush,
 Who, for a pure and tranquil stream, so long
 Hast held embanked on our degraded heights,
 And thence contagious oozing down the land,
 Foul Riot's turbulent and sordid wave)
 Here—nuptial Faith, domestic Order, leagued
 With graceful Piety, to bless a torch
 That all the Loves had lit. Here, LEOPOLD
 And CHARLOTTE revelled in the sweetest cup
 Joy ever mingled; in each other blest

As the primeval pair, more blest than they
 In larger powers of blessing,—happiest power
 To mortals given. Here, a celestial form,
 Bound on some deed of mercy, oft surprised
 The laborer at his toil, or slid unseen
 Across the cottage-sill. No trumpet clanged
 At her approach, ushering the mingled rush
 Of wheels and trampling steeds ; in glittering files
 No courtiers bowed bareheaded ; diamonds lent
 No purchaseable splendor. Gentle deeds
 Conferred an ornament, that would have made
 Diamonds blush ruby-red. Alone she seemed ;
 Her sole attendant Condensation, bland
 As Zephyr's genial breath, that cherishes
 The scarcely bending flowers. Simple flowed
 Her accents, yet to highest aims they moved
 The list'ner's heart. The rustic, when he heard,
 Thought not of courts, but heaven ; and, with moist eye
 Following her step, looked—in his reverie—
 To see her soar and vanish !

Sacred shades !

Prolong your charming lessons. Every ray
 From Love's circumference, that girds the world,

Will centre soon in CHARLOTTE! One alone
 —The tenderest and the purest ray that blends
 With human passions—one alone remains.
 Soft beam of heaven! what warm, what boundless hopes
 Salute thy dawning—But those genial days,
 Ah! must not yet commence—the royal babe
 Sleeps the deep breathless sleep! He ne'er shall laugh
 A mother's cares away, nor summon forth
 Maternal virtues! A fond father's eye
 Shall never glisten o'er his cradled form,
 Blessing his innocent slumber; nor the vows
 Of idolizing nations, day by day,
 Bedew his growing mind, and swell the buds
 Of infant promise!

—— “ But THE COBOURG yet
 Will not lack heirs, nor Britain's throne a king
 Of blooming CHARLOTTE's line.”—Thus, cheered by
 Perhaps the courtiers spake, for o'er them too [hope,
 Infatuation brooded. We, alas!
 The humble distant many, waited still
 The signal, to discharge our struggling joy
 In one loud long exultant peal, nor deemed
 Disaster near. The little clustering flowers,

That sun themselves upon the village-bank,
 Had told us: "*Life is vain!*" We saw it writ
 On every forest-leaf, and hourly heard
 The dial's voice repeat it.—'Twas a thought
 Too trite for rumination, and too dull
 For the gay moment; had a neighbour's knell
 Announced the moral, even that warning sound
 Had passed, and left no inference. Yet a stroke,
 Such as the Roman tiger wished, even then
 Impended o'er our neck! In every house
 A demon, as in Egypt's judgment, stole
 The breath of our first-born—and fairy dreams
 Amused our pillow, while our Darling died!

Did Fate—oh, epicure in torture!—cull
 From millions of warm hearts the tenderest thrills,
 And tune them to an ecstasy that held
 All vigilance entranced, just then to inflict
 The exquisite of pain!—Oh! Argus-fears,
 That cry "Alarm!" if but a shadow cross
 One skiff that skims our wave, what! slept ye all,
 When through the gloom of those portentous nights
 The curbed Ilithya moaned?—Had there but glanced
 Across our thought an apprehension, light

As the faint airs that on the dimpling wave
 Prelude the hurricane—Death!—Death! this prey
 Had from thy grasp been rescued; every hearth,
 And each thronged sanctuary, had steamed to heaven
 From crushed and broken hearts so dense a cloud
 Of incense; and the weeping cherub, Prayer,
 From everlasting Justice had beguiled
 The falling sword, and turned the fatal scale
 That sunk beneath our crimes. But vengeance came
 Upon us, as an all-involving snare
 Upon the plummy flock, as o'er a world
 Of revellers the Deluge. Heaven, alas!
 Smiled on their rising sister; and our dance
 Round the ripe crater's verge was luxury
 For demon-scorn, too glorious to be lost
 By triumph premature!—Where were the hearts
 That should have throbbed around her?—What avail
 A thousand ties of blood, the blended love
 Of nations?—Is there no dear hand but *that*
 To meet her dying pressure! No fond eye
 But THINE, so full of all distraction's fire,
 For hers to stiffen on!

Gaze, hapless one,
 Gaze on her still! and hope!—howe'er deferred,

Too soon despair will come. Yet, well I know,
 A love like thine sees not the thing it dreads,
 But, many a day and many a frantic night,
 Will commune with delusion, and demand,
 Even from the coffin and the grave, a gift
 Past weeping Nature's power.

—SHE IS NO MORE!

Stay, ye swift messengers! Why are the wings
 Of Woe so fleet! Ah, in few syllables
 Your tidings lie, and expectation chafes
 And chides your tardiness. The jovial youth,
 In circle ranged within the vocal tower,
 Impatient grasp the cords; the tables laugh
 With festal preparation; happy he,
 They say, who to his household sparkling fresh
 Shall bring the intelligence. Oh hear it not,
 Or cautiously report it! Albemarle,
 It were a knell to thee!

Around the land
 Fast as the rumor circulates, Mirth cowers
 Her sprightly crest, the disconcerted groups,
 With looks of guilt, like infants when rebuked,

Disperse in silence, every blood-drop chilled
 With horror undefined. The glowing wheel
 Of Enterprise stands still, and Pleasure's halls
 Echo desertion. Brides of yesterday,
 And gleeful maids, their ornaments forgot,
 Heartstruck with woe, gleam through involving weeds,
 Pale as Alcestis or Eurydice
 Just mingling with the shades. The palace, rent
 From roof to base, shews the inmates august,
 Shook by one rude concussion from their seats
 Beside the Hygeian fount, or at the board
 Of civic compliment or social joy,
 Hurrying all wildly to and fro.

But turn

—No! not to Her, my soul! her grief of griefs,
 Who, anchorless adrift on the stern flood
 That hath engulfed her world, is looking forth
 With all the yearnings of—a Mother reft
 Of every name but mother! with but one
 Loved girl to call her mother! and afar
 From that dear daughter in the perilous hour!
 —Look not on her, my soul! when, for the dove's
 Expected pledge, the raven flaps his wing

And croaks his funeral note ; and o'er the surge
 That floats the gory wreck of her brave sire
 And brothers and defenders, fleets the form
 Of HER, who on the last lone summit waved
 The hand of beckoning hope.

SHE IS NO MORE !

And slowly to the cabinet of death
 They bear the costly ruin. Ha ! 'tis here
 Amelia sleeps. Alas, we little weened,
 Lamented maiden, that our glorious line
 Of promised queens and kings so soon should come
 To rest with thee, and in so brief a space
 Be all deposited. Yet, GOD ! a gleam,
 —Even through this night of all thine attributes,
 A gleam of mercy breaking o'er my thought
 Tells me thou still art gracious. For if she,
 Whose yielding grasp so gradually released
 A father's hope, yet drew with her to death
 The father's master-faculty ; this shock
 What intellect—what frame, though adamant,
 That held a heart so tender, had endured ?
 Oh, the scathed Oak of Britain this dire bolt
 Had riven to the root, and even the shade

Of that propitiatory name had passed
From over us !

Seven chequered years have rolled
By those dark orbs ; and Britain hath achieved
Great deeds ; and ever, as some deadly foe
Sunk under her, and all the nations sang
Her Io-Pæans, crowning her supreme
With palm and laurel, she hath sighed to think
Her Father wist not of it : “ *Would to Heaven
His eyes were opened!* ”—Such a prayer again
Never shall Briton breathe. Hold converse still
With thine Amelia ; CHARLOTTE too shall be
Another guardian angel ; talk with them
Yet many years, but never may thine eyes
Behold this wretchedness !

SHE IS NO MORE !

To *us* no more. The gloomy pomp of Death
—The o’ershadowing canopy and trailing pall
—The slow soulmoving dirge—the herald’s voice
That inarticulate through grief proclaims
To listening birth and beauty, that *even thus*
The loftiest and the loveliest fade—the glare

Of dusky torch against the struggling moon
 —The breathless million's tear—the knell that moans
 Round all our land—reach not the heart that sleeps
 In that lone shrine, reach not the soul that soars
 Far, far, from this low orb.

A nobler pomp

Descends to greet her advent. Angels move
 In brightness, and the spirits of the great
 Of times gone by—rise from their thrones to meet
 Their daughter at her coming. Balmy gales,
 And warblings of unearthly sweetness, flow
 From all the happy region, where they rest
 Each one in glory. Great Plantagenets
 And Tudors haste along, each better name
 Of Stuart, and Sophia's sons revered ;
 Their brows with laurel or with nobler oak
 Encircled, blended with both roses, both
 Without a thorn.

One little group is there,

Around whose cypress wreath a lustre plays
 Beyond the shine of diadems ;—for them
 Anticipation, the fond nymph that paints

The dreams of youthful lovers, had prepared
 More bliss than Earth can bear ;—the Sable Prince—
 Henry, the Stuarts' pride—and Frederic,
 Of liberty and arts the friend. They died.
 The cares of royalty had ne'er impressed
 A furrow on their brow, its faults ne'er shook
 A blossom from their fame. Such shudderings thrilled
 Along the mourning land, as Indians feel
 When at midnight the lunar orb opaque
 Usurps the throne of day.

But this eclipse,
 Portentous as the veil by comet drawn
 O'er trembling Calvary, with deeper shade
 Long, long, shall rest upon us. At the ball,
 And at the nuptial feast, and in the stir
 Of public energy, and in the calm
 Of our loved home, a still-returning load
 Shall crush the elastic joy—

SHE IS NO MORE !

Tell me, ye bygone ages, what were they
 For whom *ye* wept ? Was majesty, in them,
 An undefective unredundant sphere,

In every ray complete ? And were they rich
 In those rare gems, the virtues of the shade ?
 And were they female, lovely and beloved ?
 Did they not die alone ?—died in them root
 And branch and bursting bud ? And did the crown,
 Fallen when they fell, lie the degraded butt
 Of vile arithmetic ? Passed it along
 As if, on festal day, while frolic swayed
 The moment, the flushed revellers that sate
 Around the royal board should circulate
 The toy mislaid ; each pressing to his brow
 —All hastily—the ermine, and in haste
 Transmitting it ?

Oh ! princes have been loved,
 And lost, and wept for,—and forgotten ; but
 This matchless love, this total loss, is far
 Above thy reach, Oblivion ! Many a time
 The waters of the Lemane have been shocked
 From a sweet slumber, when some rock hath rolled
 Down from the height of Jura ; and the dash
 Was heard afar, and huge convulsion shook
 The nearest waves, and wide the tremors spread,
 But faintlier, faintlier ;—just a wavelet kissed

The distant beach, and all was peace again.
 But should the whole precipitated Alp
 Plunge in the billows;—hurled on the farthest strand,
 And dashed in hurrying alternation back
 From shore to shore, gulf behind gulf, and surge
 Succeeding surge with still-augmenting swell,
 —When will their calm return?—

SHE IS NO MORE.

I had a dream, that thou, my boy! didst sing
 Her jubilee: that, through a long bright day,
 One sun illumed thy life; and, when SHE set,
 Another, yet the same, informed with all
 His mother's radiance, up the orient marched
 Ere she was missed, and sometime toward his noon
 Guided thy grey hairs to a peaceful grave.
 Alas! we ever dream; I fear me, life
 Will prove, with thee and with thy playfellows,
 An April's fitful day; and as men ask
 If, from the horizon, cloud or azure gleam
 Ascend, they will enquire: "Who next will reign?
 And next? and next? and next?"—Ah! some of them
 Are worthy to reign longer. But the heart
 Recoils to think of majesty that fleets

Across the stage, of shifting cabinets,
Of loyalty afloat, of faction flush
And all alert, of mutual jealousy
Engendering dark suspicion ; and will turn
From these repulsive shadows, to repose
On that soft distant light, that marks the track
Of vanishing Astræa. Kings will stalk
Unheeded by, and coronation peals
Reverberate through our souls **HEN** funeral knell.

CONCLUSION.

I. 1.

THE visions of Day are, in Darkness, upspringing !
 Nor Silence ensues to the Nightingale's singing ;
 She hath ceased—but the traveller's ear still is ringing
 With echoes of pleasure !

The Rose-leaf is pale—but is lavishly flinging
 Its odorous treasure.

Such, Memory ! thy power, when for virtues departed
 The first burning tears have in agony started,
 And the words, which the Blessed record not, have darted
 In electric explosion,
 And the passions sit soothing, like friends brokenhearted,
 The mutual corrosion.

The rose blooms again while its fragrance we're smelling ;
 And of HER that is lost while our sad thoughts are telling,
 The Loves that we summon around, are repelling
 The shades that enclose her,
 And in triumph restore from the gloom of her dwelling
 The beauteous reposer.

I. 2.

Still thus, dear illusion ! to fancy discover,
 Immortal in all the sweet graces she wore,
 The Bride, that has left the lone couch of the lover,
 The Daughter, whom desolate princes deplore.

Let her whisper, that beauty and splendor and power
 Are light as the leaves on the breeze that are tost ;
 Gay drops, that but glance through the arch of the
 shower,
 And, starting from darkness, in darkness are lost.

May her look, flashing keen from each trait of her story,
 Make Folly blush deep and young Innocence glow ;
 —But who would recall a bright angel from glory,
 To fix her abode in this valley of woe ?

There's a Death, that absorbed all the venom of dying ;
 There's a Rock, to whose shade may the lorn dove
 retreat ;
 There's a Haven no teardrop nor light breath of sighing
 Ever ruffled, where storm-severed consorts may meet.

II. 1.

Oh! what were this world, where from wave to wave driven
 Alike yacht and skiff with rude storms still hath striven,
 If no blander breeze of the zephyr were given,
 Nor sunbeams descended
 To gild the dark billows with gleams of a heaven
 Where storms all are ended !

The sunbeam has vanished from Claremont's sweet bowers,
 'Tis no passing cloud that above them so lowers ;
 The song of their birds and the bloom of their flowers
 The spring shall restore,
 But the lover will weep in the groves and the towers
 That can charm him no more.

Yet while to its fountain that sunbeam ascending,
 With its kindred on high in bright union is blending,
 The Father of Light a kind look still is bending
 On the pilgrims of sorrow ;
 And like yesterday's hopes shall his mercy attending
 Make our fears for to-morrow.

II. 2.

Unborn, undecaying, by mortals surrounded ;—
 The Source of all worlds, the Sustainer of all ;—
 Without His regard, as minute as unbounded,
 Not a hair can be lost, not a sparrow can fall.

Here gay and serene—there in sadness dissolving,
 Now glowing in day—and now gloomy with night,
 While the planet careers, on her axis revolving,
 She quits not His presence who governs her flight.

No dustmote is she, through the void of creation
 By His wheels' rapid motion tossed, heedless, afar ;
 But, enchased in the gold and adorning her station,
 She whirls in her circle, the gem of the car.

The necks of the steeds are enveloped in thunder,
 And wild as the lightnings that wing them they move ;
 Their names are Omnipotence, Terror, and Wonder ;
 But the Great One who urges and guides them is LOVE !

FINIS.

